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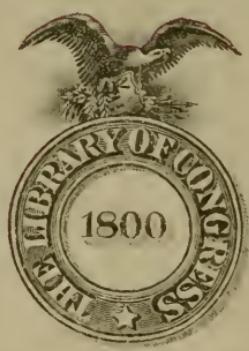
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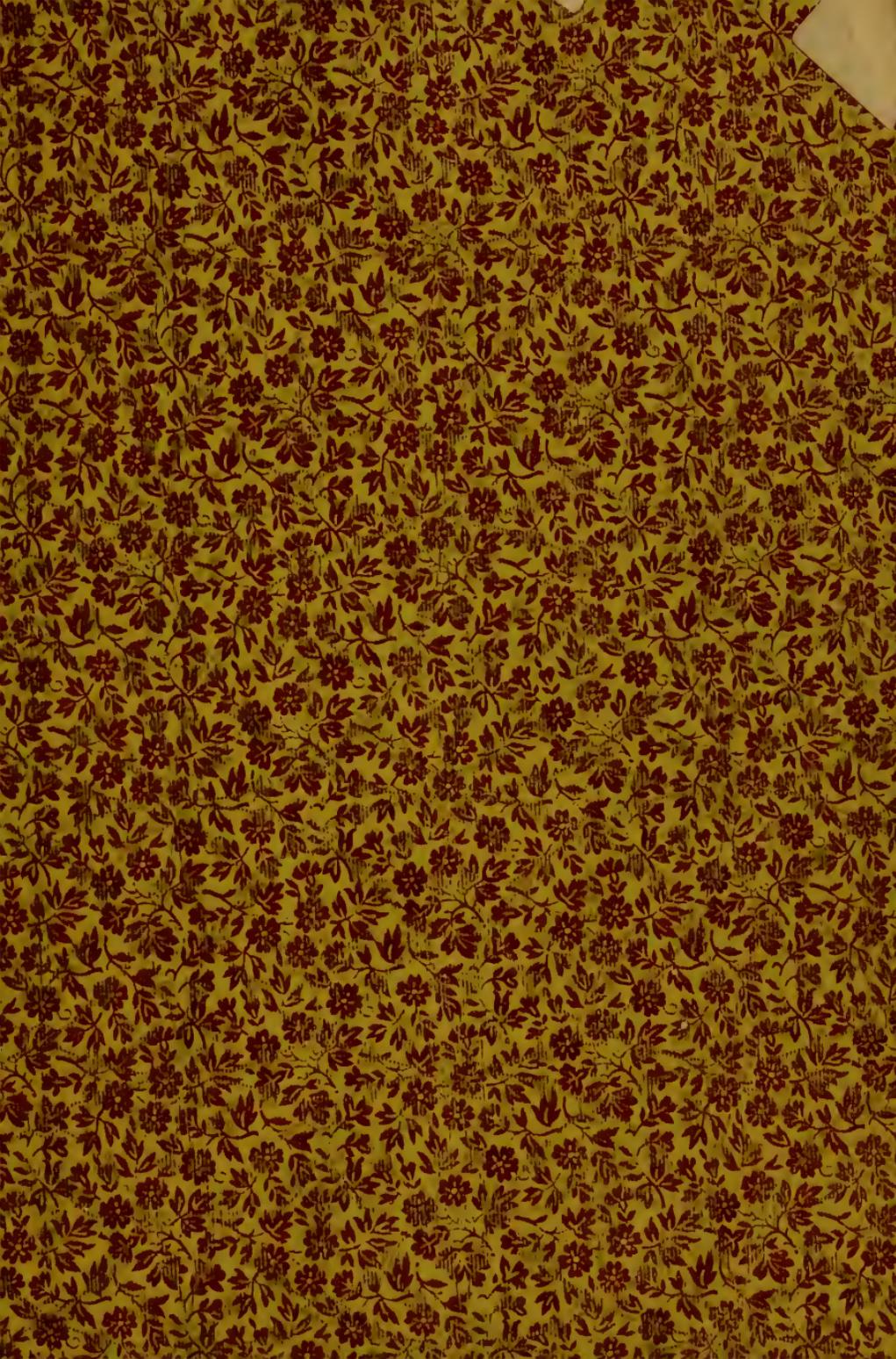
*A Poem.*

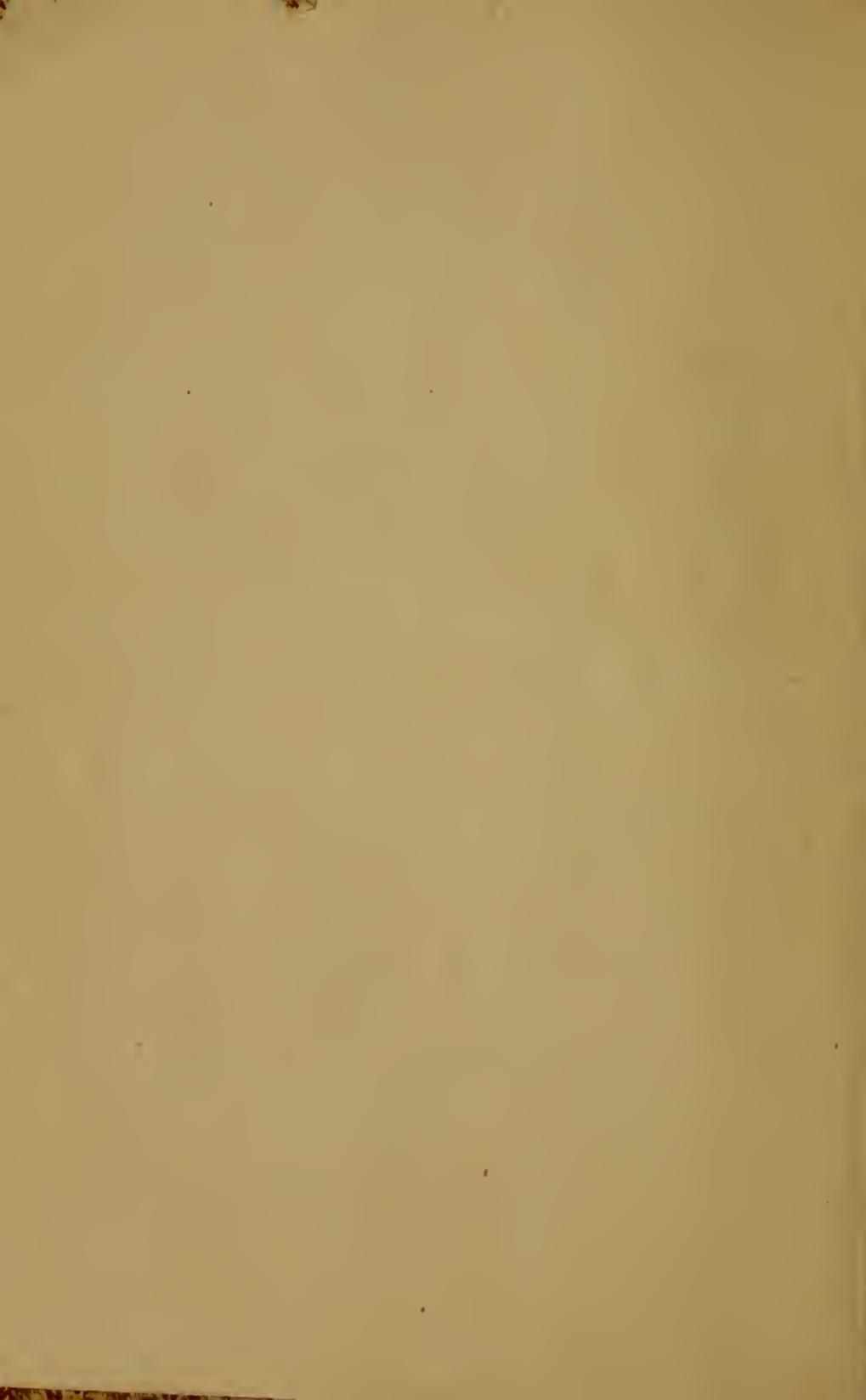
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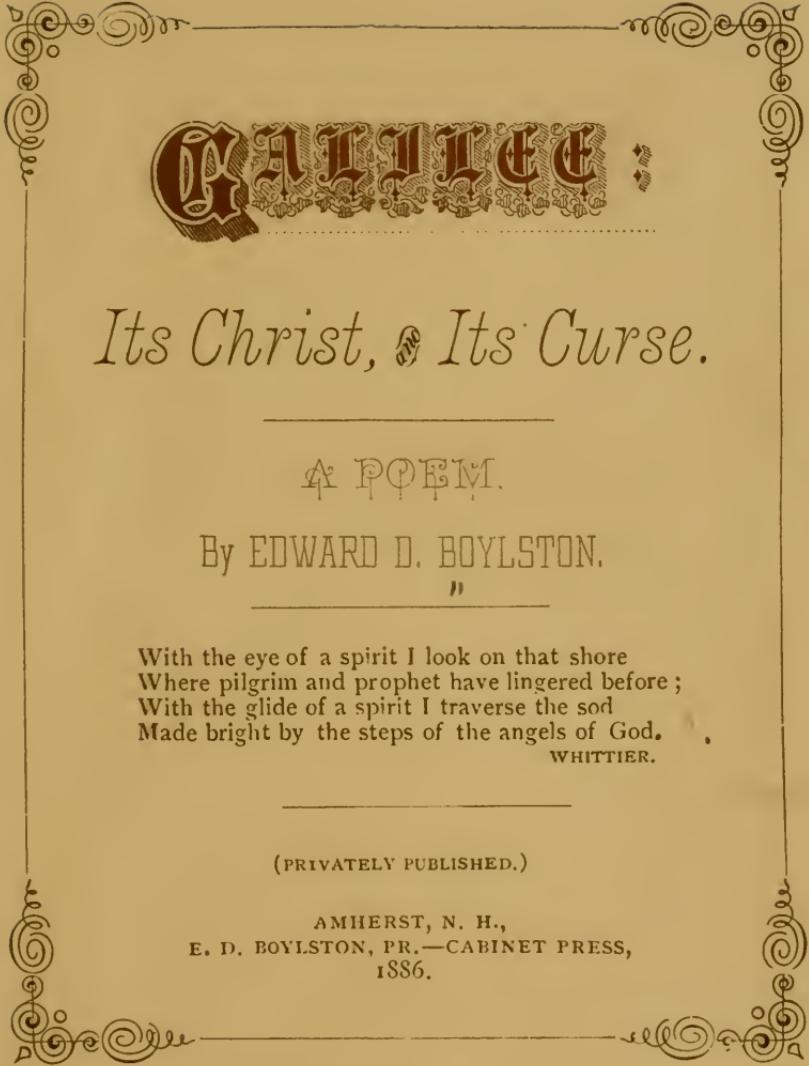
*Yours truly,*  
*E. D. Boylston.*





LAKE AND CITY OF TIBERIAS.





# CAUCASUS :

*Its Christ, and Its Curse.*

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A POEM.

By EDWARD D. BOYLSTON.

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With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore  
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before ;  
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

WHITTIER.

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(PRIVATELY PUBLISHED.)

AMHERST, N. H.,  
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1886.

PS III  
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To the friends of my love who  
may be its recipients,  
this little work is affectionately  
dedicated,  
with the earnest prayer that,  
While sailing o'er life's Galilee,  
Christ in the ship with each may be ;  
Or, heard by each, when waves run high,  
His sweet "Fear not!" and "It is I!"

THE AUTHOR.

No fable old, no mythic lore,  
Nor dream of bards and seers,  
No dead fact stranded on the shore  
Of the oblivious years ;  
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,  
A present help is He ;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.—WHITTIER.

## Introductory.

Because only of an untravelled timidity, the writer cannot say, with another, "I have fulfilled a long-cherished desire to see with my own eyes, and to tread with my own feet, the most sacred and classical land in the world," and therefore must draw upon him and others in his need.

Dr. Schaff says truly--"Palestine is a library of revelation. It is still the old Canaan, beautiful even in decay. But in no country is the contrast between the glorious past and the miserable present so startling and sad. The whole land is a venerable ruin."

"What the traveller will see, as he emerges from the Valley of Doves, (Wady Hammam, a beautiful mountain gorge leading to Majdil,) and catches his first glimpse of Gennesareth, will be a small inland sea, harp-shaped, 13 miles long and 6 broad. On the eastern side is a narrow green strip or plain, excepting one spot where the hills run close to the lake, (where probably the herd of swine perished.) Beyond this, desolate hills scored with deep ravines, rise 900 feet above the lake, without tree, village, or vestige of cultivation—the frequent scene of our Lord's retirement.—The lake—with its glittering crystal, and flowering oleanders, through whose green leaves shfne the bright blue wing of the roller-bird—lies at the bottom of a geaat dent or basin in the earth's surface, more than 500 feet below the

level of the Mediterranean ; hence the plain of Gennese-reth is called “the little hollow.” The shores are now deserted Excepting Tiberias, in the last stages of decrepitude, and the frightful village of Mejdel, where the children play naked in the street, there is not a single inhabited spot on its once crowded shores.”—*Farrar.*

“If every vestige of human habitation should disappear from beside it, and the jackal and hyena should howl about the shattered fragments of synagogues where once Christ taught, yet the fact that He chose it as the scene of His opening ministry (*Luke 23 : 5,*) will give a sense of sacredness and pathos to its waters till time shall end.—*Ib.*

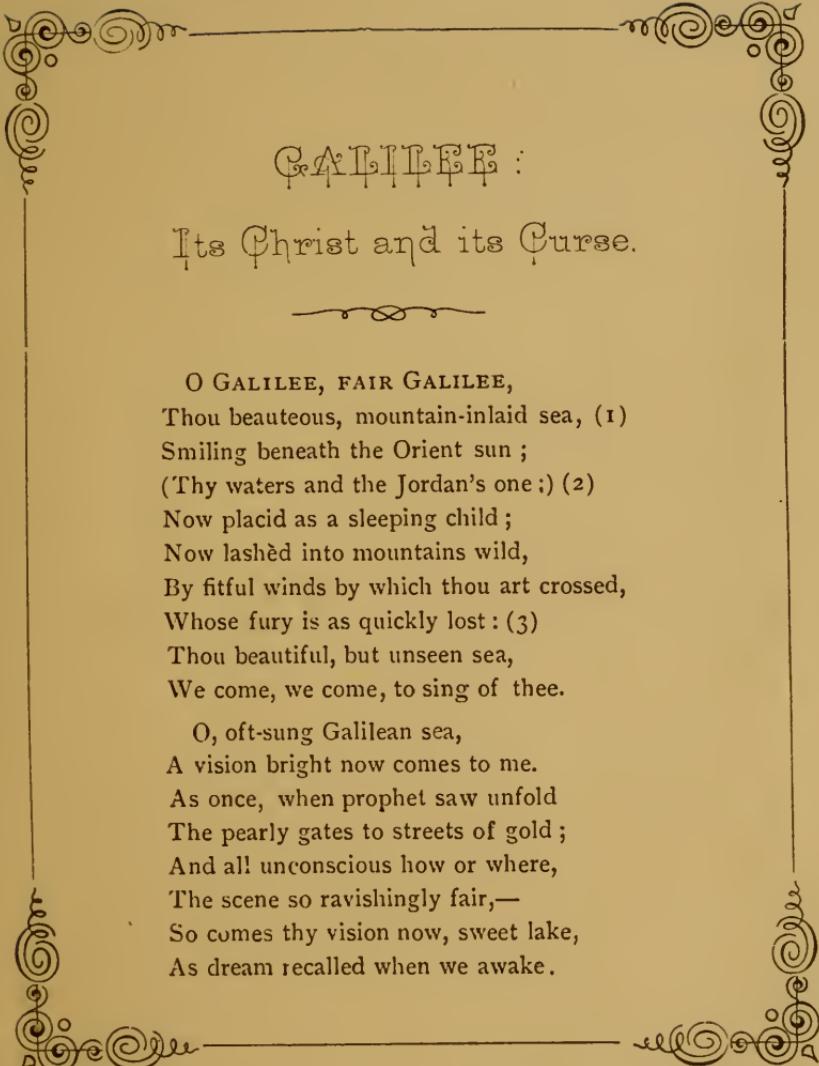
“Nowhere else will you see such magnificent oleanders as at the head of this lake. I saw clumps of them here twenty feet high, and a hundred feet in circumference, one mass of rosy-red flowers, a blushing pyramid of exquisite loveliness. . . . What can be more interesting ? A quiet ramble along the head of this sacred sea ! The blessed feet of Immanuel have hollowed every acre, and the eye of divine love has gazed a thousand times upon this fair expanse of lake and land. Oh, it is surpassingly beautiful at this evening hour. Those western hills stretch out their lengthening shadows over it, as loving mothers drop the gauzy curtains round the cradle of their sleeping babes. Cold must be the heart that here throbs not with unwonted emotion.”—*Thompson.*

*G*A  
GALLIEE.

O GALILEE, the honored Sea,  
For by thy side the Christ abode,  
And whom the unbelieving said “ ‘Tis He !”  
Once on thy rolling billows trod.  
O Galilee, sweet Sea, and blest,  
Whose waves obeyed His high behest,  
Would all, like thee, might know His rest.\*

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\*Matthew 11: 28.



## GALILEE :

### Its Christ and its Curse.

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O GALILEE, FAIR GALILEE,  
Thou beauteous, mountain-inlaid sea, (1)  
Smiling beneath the Orient sun ;  
(Thy waters and the Jordan's one;) (2)  
Now placid as a sleeping child ;  
Now lashèd into mountains wild,  
By fitful winds by which thou art crossed,  
Whose fury is as quickly lost : (3)  
Thou beautiful, but unseen sea,  
We come, we come, to sing of thee.

O, oft-sung Galilean sea,  
A vision bright now comes to me.  
As once, when prophet saw unfold  
The pearly gates to streets of gold ;  
And all unconscious how or where,  
The scene so ravishingly fair,—  
So comes thy vision now, sweet lake,  
As dream recalled when we awake.

6    GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE.

Life-long have I coveted to stand  
Within the borders of thy land ;  
To tread thy shores, so sacred, sweet,  
Once trodden by the Master's feet ;  
And in thy waters my feet lave,  
Once trod by Him who came to save ;  
Denied this, I thankful share,  
In vision, answer to my prayer.

Looking away o'er centuries  
A score less one preceding this,  
I seem on shores made memorable  
By scenes which, in recital, still  
Within the Christian's heart awake  
A thrill of love for thee, sweet lake ;--  
Entranced stand, delighted share  
A vision of thy waters fair,—  
Not as now seen, mid solitudes, (4)  
Forsaken, where scarce oar intrudes ;  
Thy shores untrod, thy cities waste,  
And e'en their ruins dimly traced,—  
But as when once thy wind-tossed waves  
Full many a thriving city laves ; (5)  
When o'er thy waters fishermen,  
With generous catches daily ran ;

And many a boat from shore to shore,  
In storm and calm, were passing o'er. (6)  
Northward, where Jordan takes its rise,  
Proud Hermon towers to the skies ;  
Snow-capped, amid eternal green,  
By Moses e'en from Pisgah seen. (7)  
Southward, by where the Jordan flows,  
Asdrælon's plain round Tabor knows ;  
By isolation magnified,  
And seen in beauty far and wide. (8)

Upon thy western shore I gain  
Vision of wide-extended Plain ;  
Pride of Gennessaret—and she  
Pride of the Gentile Galilee.  
In beauty and in fruitfulness,  
Unknown the land : surpassing this :  
“Nature's ambition,”(9) where abound  
The fruits in varying clima'tes found.  
The stately palm, high towered,  
To the fair Plain doth beauty bring ;  
The oleander, graceful, fair,  
And giant-grown magnolia,  
With flora, richest Nature yields,  
Adorn its forests, gardens, fields ;

8    GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE.

---

While figs, and grapes, and olives bear  
Their varied fruitage through the year.  
Ere the gay city's life is stirred,  
The lark and turtle's voice is heard .  
And when the shades of night prevail,  
The lone and beauteous nightingale  
Pours forth, amid enchantment rare,  
Her liquid music on the air.  
And oft, with thought-inspiring mien,  
The towering, awkward stork is seen,—  
The people's veneration, sage,  
That ne'er forgets its parantage,  
That knows its time appointed well,  
And to the house-top comes to dwell. (9)

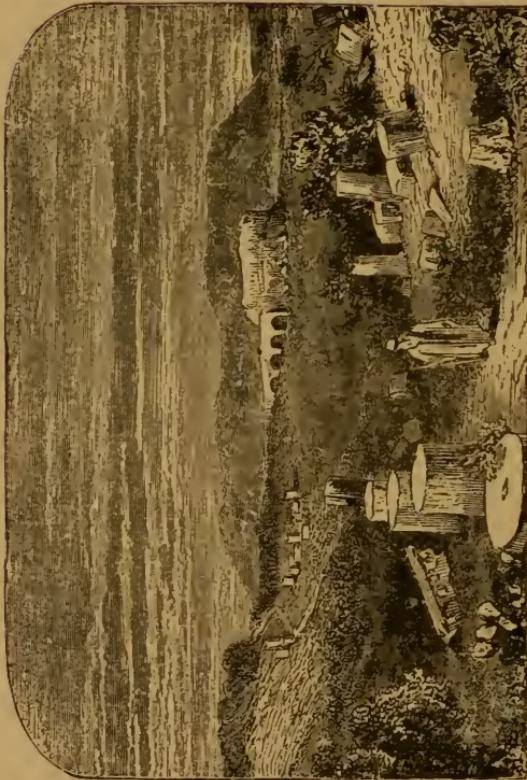
Eastward, with fertile plain between,  
Is Gadara, on hill-top seen,  
With walls and towers fortified,  
That fiercest enemies defied.  
Proud capital of Perea,  
In land of Gad, seen far away :  
O'erlooking, whatsoe'er it means,  
“The country of the Gadarenes.” (10)

Ah, what a panorama fair  
This vision to my eye doth bear,



#### RUINS OF GADARA.

The remains of Gadara are of great extent, but mostly shapeless. Columns, pedestals, capitals, and fine Ionic friezes, lie piled in strange confusion. The main street, upwards of half a mile in length, can still be distinctly traced, with the ruts in its pavements worn by the chariot-wheels. The hill-sides are everywhere perforated, revealing the ancient chambers of the dead. This is now supposed to be the scene of the miracle of the demoniac swine.—*Tristram.*



Of cities lofty, three times three, (11)  
That grace thy shores, fair Galilee.  
All life appears as flowing song,  
Amid the gay and earnest throng,  
In cities' marts, and cities' streets,  
On sea and shore, that my eye greets ;  
And clothes my vision with delight,  
Scarce less than that of real sight.

Entranced, now I seem to hold  
TIBERIAS, as in days of old—(12)  
Proud seat of Galilean power  
Till second Agrippa's reigning hour,  
And bearing high imperial name,  
With much of ruling Cæsar's fame.  
I seem to tread its streets and marts,  
To share in its Roman sports and arts,  
Its schools of learning, statues fair,  
Its monuments, both high and rare,  
Its palace proud, the “Golden Home” (13)  
Of Herod Antipas of Rome.

And fairer vision seems to come,  
It is of Christ's home, CAPERNAUM, (14)  
Beauty itself, mid beauty held,  
“In sight like unto an emerald.”

## 10 GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE.

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Beauteous indeed, "by way of the sea,"  
Fairest of all in Galilee,—  
With synagogue, renowned one,  
Gift of a proud Centurion ;  
Rome's Custom-seat for gatherer,  
And marble palaces most fair :  
I hear, a-marching through its streets,  
The tread of Roman cohorts' feet ;  
And gaze on piles where wealth is found,  
And pride and luxury abound

And thou CHORAZIN, by the sea, (15)  
My vision, too, extends to thee :  
I walk thy streets, so full of pride,  
Where sin and ill seem deified ;  
Where mid the richest gifts of green,  
The darkest stains of sin are seen.

And, from Chorazin not afar,  
My vision covers BETHSAIDA,—(16)  
Bethsaida fair of Galilee ;  
And Bethsaida Julius, o'er the sea,  
Enlarged by Philip, bearing name  
Of his own daughter, of vile fame.

These, with the rock-bound GAMALA, (17)  
And home of Mary, MAGDALA, (18)

And GERICASA beyond the sea,  
All in my vision come to me.

Such is the beauty my vision brings,  
Such are the shades it o'er thee flings,  
When He of whom the Prophets spake  
Appeared upon thy shores, fair lake,  
And to thy waters gave renown  
No other waters e'er have known,—  
Renown that shall as lasting be,  
As Orient sun that shines o'er thee.

The Jewish writings had foretold  
A coming King, from times of old,—  
One who in peace and power should reign,  
And e'er his Kingdom should retain.  
All eyes were gazing wistfully  
The more than longed-for King to see,  
When Zebulon and Naphtali,  
That on thy western borders lie,  
Amid the darkness of their night,  
Behold arise a wondrous LIGHT ! (19)

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12 GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE.

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In wilderness of Bethabara,  
Beyond where Jordan's waters are,  
A voice is heard, in words foretold,  
Proclaiming there, in accents bold,  
"Prepare ye way, way for the Lord,  
"Make straight a highway for our God!"  
Himself declaring sent to bear  
Witness to one then standing there,  
The latchet e'en upon whose shoes  
He was not worthy to unloose—  
Forerunner, only, of that Light  
Foretold to shine upon their night,—  
Israel's long looked-for, promised King,  
Who should to them Redemption bring.  
His raiment was of camel's hair,  
Locusts and wild honey his plain fare;  
And of so strange, yet noble mien,  
No wonder that in him was seen  
Some likeness to him lookèd-for  
To reign the troubled nation o'er.  
But he denied, and loudly cried  
Of fair one standing by his side:  
"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, WHO TAKES  
"AWAY YOUR SINS!" REDEMPTION MAKES!

And now the land of Galilee  
Is as when o'er its placid sea,  
The wild winds from the Little Ghor,  
Their wildness and their fury pour !

The voice of him who claimed to be  
Forerunner, heard beyond the sea,  
Awoke the envy, pride and power,  
Of Priests and Scribes the whole land o'er ;  
While multitudes from far away  
Flock to his preaching, day by day ;  
Sharing in his baptismal rite,  
And welcoming thus the coming Light.  
But thousand, thousand times the more,  
The land, from Dan to Beersheba,  
Rocked as its lake beneath a storm,  
When o'er it walked, in human form,  
One long foretold, with grace of mien,  
Such as the world had never seen :  
And spake, not as the Scribes, but with a power  
In all the land ne'er heard before,—  
Whom e'en thy waves, O Sea obeyed,  
And at His word affrighted fled,  
And Galilee slept sweet and calm  
As He amid that raging storm.

## 14 GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE.

Fearless, the Forerunner cries, "Repent,"  
And does the work on which he's sent ;  
Proclaiming boldly through the land,  
"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!"  
Reproving sin, whate'er he sees,  
Not fearing Scribes or Pharisees.

In proud Tiberias, by the sea,  
Ruling in more than cruelty,  
Herod, the vile Antipas, abode,  
In all the pride of Roman mode ;  
Indulging e'en incestuous life,  
With his own brother Philip's wife.  
John, with a boldness all his own,  
Hurlèd anathemas at the throne,  
Fearlessly charging "the powers that be"  
With incest and adultery.  
A fearful charge thus to proclaim,  
And e'en the King himself to name.

When Jesus in the wilderness  
From Satan found a sweet release,  
Seeking his home, so long denied,  
He calleth five with him to abide.  
In little Cana, where he rests,  
A wedding was, and they were guests.

'Twas here he made of water wine,  
With power none could then define,—  
For filling pots with water pure,  
He bade therefrom new wine to draw,  
And bear to the ruler of the feast—  
Who straightway pronounced it "best."

When to the Passover they had gone,  
And homeward essayed to return,  
He needs must through Samaria pass.  
Fatigued in walking, sitting thus  
By Jacob's well, a woman there  
With pitcher came. He bade her draw,  
And with her talked till return of his own,  
Who to the city for food had gone :—  
Surprising all, he being a Jew,  
A thing that Sychar never knew,—  
Avowing himself a fountain rife  
With water of eternal life !  
And work of wondrous power wrought  
Through her who the living water sought.

And passing on from Samaria,  
To Cana he pursued his way ;  
And while with friends he tarried there,  
Centurion came, with earnest prayer,

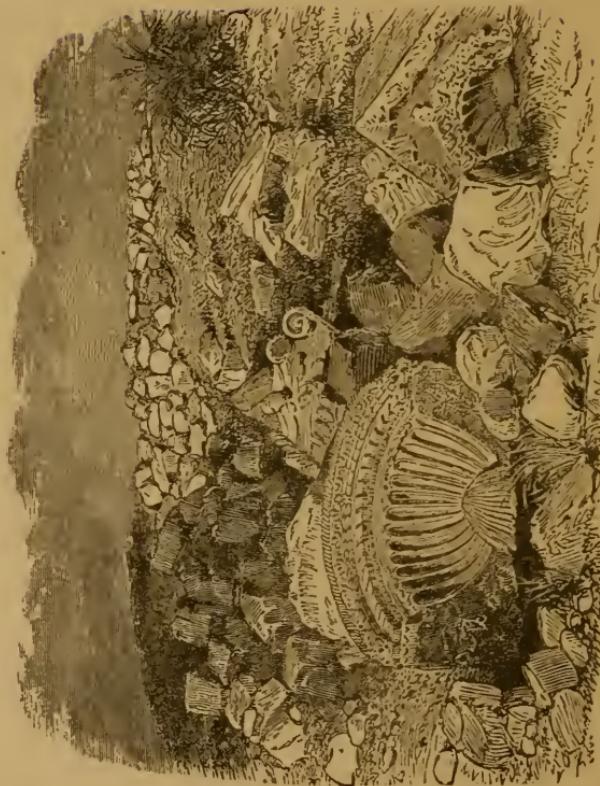
## 16 GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE.

That he to Capernaum would come,  
And heal the sick son in his home.  
Although the appeal touched Jesus' heart,  
His prayer was answered but in part,  
For quickly he was heard to say :  
“Thy son liveth—go thy way.”  
The gladdened father, hastening home,  
Meets flying messengers that come,  
Declaring that his son is well ;—  
And when the very hour they tell,  
He knew it was the very hour  
At which he sought Christ's healing power.

Sent of God unto his own,  
Rejected in the love thus shown,—  
Accounted of but little worth  
Within the land that gave him birth,—  
Leaving Nazareth, (the family home,)  
From whence 'twas said “no good could come,”  
He and his own, all quietly,  
Make their abode in Galilee,—  
And, fearing Herod, seek a home  
In city of Capernaum.  
From whence his fame went quickly out  
Through all the country round about.



SUPPOSED RUINS OF CAPERNAUM.



'Tis Sabbath morn. The busy hum  
Has ceasèd in Capernaum.  
No boat is loosed, not e'en an oar  
Is raised or dipped on either shore,—  
Nor ox or ass is seen abroad,—  
For 'tis the Sabbath of the Lord.  
But what a surging crowd I see,  
Fair synagogue, flocking to thee!  
What meaneth it? Why this--He who  
Spake with a power man never knew,  
Was there to hear and read the law,  
As was his wont in home before.  
Now, in my vision, I behold  
There man with unclean spirit bold,  
Amid the astonished multitude,  
With frightful crying to intrude:  
"Let us alone! for what have we,  
"Jesus of Nazareth, to do with thee?  
"Hast thou come to destroy us? No!  
"Thou art God's Holy One we know!"  
At Christ's command, "Be still! come forth!"  
The unclean spirit ceased its wrath,  
And left the man it had possessed,  
Though rent and torn, and sadly pressed.

## 18 GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE.

Amazement seized upon all there,—  
“What thing is this? what doctrine rare?  
“For he commands spirits unclean,  
“And in obedience they are seen!”

Departing thence, I see them come  
And enter Simon Peter’s home,  
Where the kindly mother of his wife  
Has fever, burning out her life,—  
And they beseech his aid for her.  
He touched her hand—wrought wondrous cure.  
And rising from that burning bed,  
In health she to them minist’red.  
Confirming words of Jewish lore,  
Pronounced seven hundred years before :  
“He our infirmities did share,  
“Our sicknesses himself did bear.”

And, now, sweet rest the Saviour shares,  
For none e’en for the sick one cares  
On Sabbath, lest it be profaned,  
And Law by true love should be stained !  
Nay, to do good on the Sabbath day  
Was sinful till Christ passed that way !

But what a scene was round that shore,  
When the Sabbath’s sun had passèd o’er?

As now the calm waters of the lake  
Of lingering sunset's glow partake,  
And lengthening shadows disappear,  
Ah, what a motley crowd is here,  
In all the hediousness of sin,  
Disease and sickness, gathered in !  
No lazarus-house the whole world o'er  
Had seen such sickening sight before,  
As that in our vision now we see  
Upon thy shore, fair Galilee !  
The fevered patient,—bed-rid one,—  
He who with frenzied cry doth run,—  
The lame, the halt, the deaf, the blind,—  
Those whom unclean spirits bind,—  
The palsied, and the leper, e'en,  
Around the healing Christ are seen,—  
Come or are brought this evening fair,  
Christ's wondrous healing power to share.  
For them his heart of pity glows,  
For them in healing power goes ;  
Yea, as in tender love he views  
Such siickening, touching scene of woes  
As ne'er the world had seen before,  
"He all their griefs and sorrows bore !"

Again, in my vision, I behold  
A scene a thousand times retold.  
Jesus, while teaching by the sea-side,  
By such a pressing crowd is tried,  
He enters a ship, from thence to teach  
The thousands gathered on the beach.—  
Who list to words of wondrous lore  
In parable, as ne'er before,  
From things familiar, all well knew,  
Christ his new Kingdom brings to view:  
By sower who went forth to sow,—  
And how his differing strewings grow,  
By seed the fowls of air soon found,  
By seed that fell on stony ground,  
By seed thorn-choked, and seed that fell  
On good ground and produced well,—  
By leaven, which the lump doth know  
And mustard-seed, how it should grow,—  
By candle upon its stick is shown  
All should be open, naught unknown,—  
That unto him that hath would be  
More given generously,  
While he who sharéd with him not  
E'en less should be his meagre lot!  
Thus till long shadows the lake kiss  
He sweetly speaks in form like this.

From the enthused, living tide,  
He gives command for the other side.  
Now, as they sail, he falls asleep,  
And o'er the waters, dark and deep,  
A mighty wind from off the ghor  
Its fury and its wrath doth pour.  
Upon the fearful waves set loose,  
(For oars and anchors are no use,)  
Now tossed by waves that kiss the sky,  
Now in the sea's deep trough they lie,—  
Their ship with water e'en nigh full,  
Affright and terror all hearts rule,—  
Hope and their craft about to sink,  
Of him asleep they hopeful think,  
And with this cry the sleeper wake :  
“Master, we're sinking in the lake !  
That thus we perish carest thou not ?”  
As if he e'en had them forgot.  
He, rising from his resting place,  
Calmly, with majestic grace,  
Says, “Peace ! be still !” And the fair lake  
Knows sleep as sweet as him they wake.  
Turning, he to the affrighted said :  
“Where, why, thy faith so quickly fled ?”

22 GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE.

Now, as they land upon the shore  
At foot of steep, high Gergasa,  
There meets them, coming from the tombs,  
One who through the mountain roams,  
By unclean spirit long possessed—  
Loud-crying, wounded, without rest,—  
Whom chain nor fetter e'er could bind,  
Nor e'er by man could be confined.  
He, seeing Jesus from afar,  
Approaches, bowing to him there ;  
Loudly crying, “What have I  
• ‘To do with thee, Son of the Most High ?  
“By the Most High God, I thee adjure,  
“Torment me not by thy strange cure !”  
For Christ had said, Thou unclean one,  
“Come out of him ! let him alone !”  
Now there was a herd of swine that fed  
Upon the lofty mountain’s head.  
The devils asking, Christ gave sign  
To enter and possess the swine.  
They enter—and the herd in fright—  
Two thousand—a most fearful sight—  
Down the steep mount in madness rave,  
And find below a watery grave !

And they that keep them haste to tell  
In the nigh city, what befell  
The herd of swine—and of the cure  
Of him possessed, so feared before.  
Strangest of all is Gergasa's prayer,  
That Jesus would not tarry there!  
Like desert heath: discerning not  
The good that falleth to their lot;  
Like fools, to more than folly born,  
Who ever highest wisdom scorn.

Now, in my vision, I behold  
A scene too bloody to be told:  
Amid the festivities in place  
Where Herod's friends his birth-day grace,  
In halls where pomp and beauty are,  
Salome, Herodias' daughter fair,  
Denying all of modest mien,  
Bedecked, in vilest dance is seen.  
So pleased the King, he promises  
With oath, to give whate'er she says.  
Taught by incestuous mother, she,  
In colder blood, asks it may be  
The head of John the Baptist, who  
Had boldly brought their sins to view.

## 24 GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE

Now quails with fear vile Antipas  
At what his sport has brought to pass ;  
Yet, for the oath with which 'twas said,  
He gives her John the Baptist's head !  
And she the bloody gift doth bring  
To vile Herodias, from the King !  
A deed that cursed vile Antipas,  
That cursed the vile Herodias,  
That cursed the one who asked thus,  
And more than cursed Tiberias.  
Martyr's blood the block may stain,  
But Truth can ne'er be bound or slain !

Such, such the Baptist's tragic end,  
That with thy story e'er must blend ;  
Thanks, Galilee, it is so rife  
With fragrance of the Saviour's life !

While passing Galilean Nain,  
A scene occurs that gives Christ pain,  
Yea, sight that even dims his eye,  
As standing, he sees passing by,  
Prepared for burial, hither borne,  
Dependent widow's only son.  
Like him, much moved at her sad fate,  
A multitude passed out the gate.

Moved by the wonders Christ had wrought,  
Vast multitudes Capernaum sought,  
From out of Jerusalem, Idumea,  
Tyre and Sidon, far and near.  
All day his healing power he shows,  
At night-fall into the mountain goes,  
Calls to him whomsoe'er he would,  
And there throughout the night abode.  
When morning dawned, the twelve he chose,—  
Again the vast assemblage knows,—  
And seeking rocky pulpit near,  
Where neath him standing all could hear,  
He spake, in words divinely sweet,  
Of life that would for Heaven make meet ;  
Beatitudes, divinely fair,  
That breathe of Heaven's purer air ;  
Of true forgiveness, only way ;  
And praying, how we ought to pray ;—  
With wondrous closing parable  
Of him who builds foolishly, and well.

Ah, what a rich, perennial fount.  
That wondrous Sermon on the Mount !  
From that pure "opened mouth" went forth  
Words of true righteousness and worth,

## 26 GALILEE : ITS CHRIST AND ITS CURSE.

Excelling all the lore profound  
In lore of Jew or Gentile found ;  
Lore that shall ever stand confessed  
True Heavenly lore—in blessing blessed,—  
As far above all, in its love,  
As Heaven is the world above.  
And while in sweetness it shall flow,  
The world admiringly shall go  
To thy sweet waters, Galilee,  
In vision-thought refreshed as we.

Returning homeward, he is stayed  
By a leper, who thus earnest prayed :  
“Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.”  
“Christ says, ‘I will !’ All pure he’s seen,

Scarcely had he reached his home,  
When Jewish elders to him come,  
And for his aid make strong appeal  
That he would go, and sick one heal,—  
Servant of a wealthy, worthy one,  
Famed and beloved Centurion,  
Who loved their nation, and had reared  
For them a synagogue, revered.  
His answer was, ‘I’ll with you go,  
“And for the sick one healing show.”  
But as he goes he hears the prayer

That he his coming would forbear,  
For all unworthy, sure, was he  
Whose guest he thus essayed to be ;  
"But only speak the word," he said.  
"And my sick servant will be cured."  
(Such faith in all Israel was unknown  
As that of this loved Centurion.)  
And when the messengers returned  
The wondrous healing was confirmed.

When Jesus heard John was no more  
He departed for the other shore,  
Followed by a vast multitude,  
Who on his privacy intrude.  
By pity moved, he healing wrought,—  
And, when by his own friends besought  
To feed the multitude, he lists their wishes,  
Taketh five loaves and two small fishes,  
And with face upturned to Heaven,  
Asking God's blessing to be given,  
Feeds that great multitude of men,  
Five thousand, together on the green—  
Their women, children entertained—(20)  
And still twelve baskets-full remained.

The later night saw stranger seene  
Than that strange feast upon the green.—

Saw stranger scene on Galilee  
Than e'er was seen on other sea ;  
Stranger than aught upon thy shore  
Since God's elect passed Jordan o'er  
With unwet feet—its waves back-driven,  
Obedient, at command of Heaven !

Now, as the night had well-nigh come,  
He bids his friends to hasten home.  
Sends the vast multitude away,  
And up the mount goes forth to pray.  
When the long day far west had flown,  
The mountain saw him there alone,—  
And he, far off upon the sea,  
Saw the ship tossing fearfully,  
Sailors affrighted, struggling for life,  
And looking for death amid the strife.

In fourth watch of that fearful night,  
(Had mortal e'er seen such a sight ?)  
Jesus came walking on the sea,  
Affrighting his friends most fearfully !  
But, when they heard him sweetly cry,  
“Be of good cheer, for it is I,  
“Be not afraid ?” Bold Peter said,  
“If it be thee, Lord, thy servant bid

"Upon the waters come to thee,"—  
All fearless of that raging sea.  
And he said, "Come." Then he essayed  
The stormy Galilee to tread.  
Upon his wild walk's very brink,  
Affrighted, he begins to sink !  
The hand of him who walks the waves  
The pleading, sinking Peter saves,  
While to the timid one he said,  
"Why hast thy faith so quickly fled ?"

O Galilee, sweet Galilee,  
Ever shall this be told of thee,  
That coming from that praying height,  
Christ walked thy waves that stormy night !  
Ah, when upon life's stormy sea  
We fearful toss, we'll think of thee ;  
And with faith's all-discerning sight,  
(Though in the fourth watch of our night,)  
See Jesus walking on our sea,  
As seen by them when walking thee.  
And mid the waves, though mountain-high,  
List the clear voice, and catch the cry  
Of Him who to them sweetly said,  
"Be of good cheer ! be not afraid !"

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And bid our fears all quickly fly,  
At the sweet word, "It is I!"

Again as he walks along the shore,  
He's asked a palsied man to cure.  
He healed him— saying to him, even,  
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven!"  
Then certain scribes, who envied him,  
Cried, "Surely this man doth blaspheme!"  
But Jesus asked them, "Which the more,  
"Sin to forgive, or, health restore?!"  
And that he both had power to do,  
He said to him all palsied through,  
"Take up thy bed and bear it home,  
"From whence upon it thou didst come."  
Obeying, those who on him gaze,  
Marvel, and give to God the praise,  
Who had such wondrous power bestowed  
On one who in the flesh abode.

But sweetest of these visions rare,  
Is Christ upon the mount in prayer,  
Whither, with Peter, James and John,  
Seeking seclusion, he had gone.  
And, as he prayed, his face was changed ;  
His raiment, gorgeously estranged,

For it was white and glittering,  
Exceeding that of earthly King.  
And lo ! two men with him appear,  
Who of his brightness, glory, share,  
And speak with him of his decease,  
And of Jerusalem, its place.  
As Peter saw the shining three,  
He hastily said, “ ‘Tis good to be  
“Here, Master, and let us make  
“Three tabernacles—one for thy sake,  
One for Moses—for Elias one,”—  
Not even knowing what he ’d done.  
Now, as he spake, a shadowing cloud  
The mountain-Bethel doth enshroud ;  
And, mid their fear, a sweet voice clear  
From out the enfolding cloud they hear,  
Proclaiming of this shining One,  
“This, this is my Beloved Son !  
“Hear Him !” And when the cloud was gone  
Jesus stood there, unchanged, alone.  
Long-time these favored three forbear  
To tell of this “sweet hour of prayer.”  
Thanks that in our vision we partake  
Of that sweet scene by thee, sweet lake.

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But one scene more. Jesus had died,  
Between two thieves been crucified,—  
Buried in Arimathea's tomb,—  
Upon third day had left its gloom,—  
Appeared to Mary Magdalene,—  
By other disciples had been seen,—  
With two conversèd by the way  
Going to Emmaus—and asked to stay,  
Tarried with them in breaking of bread  
And blessing it, had vanishèd

Upon the fair lake's western shore,  
As morning dawned its waters o'er,  
A company of fishermen,  
Who all night long had toiling been  
And nothing taken, unknowing, saw  
Jesus standing on the shore.  
He asks—"Children, have ye any meat?"  
They answer, "No." He bids them set  
Their oft-drawn, fishless, fruitless seine  
Upon their right side. And then therein  
Is found enclosed, when it is drawn,  
A draught they never knew at morn.  
And when to Peter John declared,  
"It is none other than the Lord!"

That fitful one himself did cast  
Into the sea, to greet Him first ;  
While in their little ship the rest  
Make shore, and, at their Lord's request,  
Bring of the fishes—with Him dine—  
Know now the presence, all divine,  
Of Risen Lord—their Love and pride—  
The self-same Jesus crucified !

O Galilee, fair Galilee,  
Thou beauteous, mountain-inlaid sea,  
Pride of Zebulon, Naphtali, Gad,  
Making all their hillsides glad  
By the sweetness to them given,  
Honored waters, “choice of Heaven,” (21)  
Half thy beauty, half thy grace,  
Still remains for us to trace ;  
Half the Christ-life on thy shore  
We must pass in silence o'er.  
O, that thy people had but known  
The “Sent of God”—the favor shown—  
Christ had chosen, not the curse  
That must now employ our verse !

Vanished the Christ-vision—while to me  
Comes vision of Christless Galilee !

Again, as erst, I seem to stand  
Within the borders of the land,—  
Walk the self-same pebbly shore,—  
See self-same Orient sun pass o'er,—  
See self-same waters sweetly kiss  
The shore of plain and wilderness,—  
See the same Jordan through the lake  
Its Southernward course as swiftly make,—  
See storm of wrath on Galilee  
As quickly come, as quickly flee,—  
See Hermon towering as high,  
And Tabor towering as nigh,—  
And self-same nightly stars o'erhead.  
When nineteen centuries have fled.  
All else, all else, how changed ! how changed !  
From former vision how estranged.—  
Vision so fair, of sea and shore,  
Of nineteen centuries before !  
I walk thy western strand, O sea,  
But, O, how changed is all but thee !  
Where now thy busy life, O shore ?  
And voice replies—"No more ! no more !"  
Where now thy craft, so many score,



SUPPOSED RUINS OF HEROD'S PALACE  
NEAR TIBERIAS.



Of merchants, fishers, floating o'er?  
And voice replies--“No more ! no more !”

I ask for fair Capernaum,  
Christ's own city—chosen home—  
The beauteous city, all aglow  
With wealth and splendor it did know ;  
Its marble mansions, statues fair,  
With which proud Rome could scarce compare.  
I cry aloud—Capernaum ? Capernaum ?  
And hear reply—“TELL HUM ! TELL HUM !”  
That vile and Heaven-abandoned Tell,  
Fit transcript of its promised “hell.”

I seek for proud Tiberias,  
Reared by the cruel Antipas ;  
Seat of Rome's Imperial power,  
With “Golden Home,” and shafts that tower,  
And wall and forts of Roman pride,  
And monarch who e'en Heaven defied  
Where the Christ-feet, perhaps, ne'er came,  
So Heaven-daring was its fame !  
I cry aloud,—Tiberias, where ?  
And answer comes, “TELL TABERAH,”—  
That, like Tell Hum, has naught to show  
But dirt, and sin, and want, and woe !

Chorazin I call, and Bethsaida,  
Gergasa, Gadara, Magdala,  
And voice comes clear, from either shore,  
“Forever gone—no more ! no more !”

O smitten, desolated land,  
Monument of God’s wrath ye stand ;  
Recalling Christ’s denouncing word,  
That only lingered when ’twas heard :  
“Woe unto thee, Chorazin fair !  
“Woe unto thee, Bethsaida !  
“For if the works in thee I’ve done,  
“Had been in Tyre and Sidon,  
“Their bitter grief would long been read,  
“In ashes strewn upon the head !  
“And thou Capernaum, exalted high  
“In privilege, as to the sky,  
“To hell from thence thou shalt be brought !  
“For if in Sodom had been wrought  
“The mighty works shown unto thee,  
“She here would still remaining be !

Desolation, as a heavy cloud,  
Doth thy once fair land enshroud !  
When, O when, fair Galilee,  
Shall the healing Christ return to thee ?

Standing now by thee, fair lake,  
Our vision shares what shall o'er take,  
E'er, those who dare Almighty Power,  
And scorn, neglect its chosen hour ;  
Who Messianic peans sing,  
But will not own Christ as their King.

O Galilee, fair Galilee,  
Thou beauteous, mountain-inlaid sea,  
Not till the Orient sun shall set  
Eternally, shall man forget  
That once thy stormy waves were trod  
By feet of Jesus—Son of God !  
That thy wild billows once obeyed  
The Lord's command —their madness stayed !  
Nor aught forget said, done by thee,  
In wondrous love, sweet Galilee !

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#### NOTES.

1. The waters of the lake lie in a deep basin, surrounded on all sides with lofty hills, excepting only the narrow entrance and outlet of the Jordan at each extremity.

2. A strong current marks the passage of the Jordan through the middle of the lake, in its way to the Dead Sea, where it empties itself.

3. The local features of the lake render it occasionally subject to whirlwinds, squalls, and sudden gusts from the hollow of the mountains, which, as in any other similar

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basin, and of short duration ; and the most furious gust is succeeded by a perfect calm.—*Porter*.

4. During the life of our Lord, the shores of the lake were the most densely populated and the most flourishing part of Palestine ; now, the most deserted.—*Schaff*.

5. In Christ's time these shores were studded with great cities and resounded with the din of an active and industrious people. Nine cities stood on the very borders of the lake, and numerous large villages dotted the plains and hillsides around. Seven of the nine cities are now uninhabited ruins ; one, Magdala, is occupied by a half dozen mud hovels, and Tiberias alone retains a wretched remnant of its former prosperity.—*Porter*.

6. In Christ's time the lake of Gennesaret was covered with ships passing from shore to shore ; now there are but about three rough fishing boats to be seen.—*Schaff*.

7. Mount Hermon is called by the Arabs the "Chief Mountain." It rises at the northern extremity of Galilee to a height of 10,000 feet above the Mediterranean, and presents three lofty peaks. It is covered with eternal snow. It can be seen from every direction, and Moses saw it from the top of Pisgah, in Moab, when the Lord shewed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan.—Deut. 34 : 1.

8. Mount Tabor lies right in the centre of the Holy Land, about six or eight miles east of Nazareth. It rises isolated and alone in its glory, from the Plain of Esdrael, to a height of 1400 from its base, or 1900 from the level of the sea. Owing to its isolation it appears twice as large as it really is.—*Schaff*.

9. Land of Genneseret—"Paradise of the Prince."—It is now called El Ghuweir, the Little Ghor, or Plain. It was once a rich garden that supplied Jerusalem with fruits. (Deut. 8 : 7, 8, 9.) Josephus says : "Such is the fertility of the soil that it rejects no plant, and so genial is

the climate that it suits every variety. One might style this an ambitious effort of nature, doing violence to herself in bringing together plants of different habits”

Jeremiah 8 : 2. The stork is said never to forsake its parents, but to feed and defend them in their decrepitude. They are still the objects of much veneration among the common people in many parts of Europe.

10. Much of uncertainty exists among biblical students as to the meaning and limit of the term “Country of the Gadarenes.”

11. These nine were Bethsaida, Capernaum, Chorazin, Dalmanutha, Gergasa, Gadara, Gamala, Magdala, Tiberias.

12. Tiberias, now called Tell Taberaeh, built by Herod Antipas, in A. D. 20, in honor of Tiberius. was a famous seat of rabbinical learning. He endowed it with great advantages and much splendor, making it the metropolis of Galilee. The town is situated close to the edge of the lake, and was walled. It is now a miserable, dirty place, inhabited by Jews and Moslems, subject to earthquakes, by one of which (in 1837,) half the population perished and the walls were thrown down. Dr. Schaff says—“It seemed to me to be the very head-quarters of Beelzebub.”

13. “The Golden House” was the name of the palace of Herod, and hither, probably, the head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger and presented to Salome.

14. Capernaum, the Hill of Nahum. Its supposed site is at Tell Hum, the name and ruins favoring the supposition. It is on elevated ground, about half a mile west of the lake. There is not even a horse-path leading to it.—The ruins as described by Dr. Robinson, and Capt. Wilson (in 1866,) are the most remarkable in that whole region, and betray the presence of a large town. They consist of foundations and walls of houses, and of broken col-

umns, Corinthian capitals, friezes of a synagogue, built of white limestone. On a large block is a pot of manna, engraved, in commemoration of the manna in the wilderness. There is a probability that this was the synagogue the good Centurion built, and where Christ taught the people.

15. Chorazin is among the lost cities. Jerome speaks of it as "on the shore of the lake, two miles from Capernaum." A place of this name is mentioned in the Talmud as famous for its wheat fields. Dr. Thompson locates it at Chorazy. The excavations of Lessrs. Wilson and Anderson, at that point, reveal "many of the private houses as almost perfect except the roof, all the buildings being of basalt, including a synagogue."

16. Bethsaida, (Fish-town,) was the native place of Andrew, Peter, Philip, James and John. It is usually distinguished as Bethsaida of Galilee from Bethsaida Julius. A more probable theory is that the two Bethsaias were parts of one and the same city, on both banks of the Jordan, near its entrance to the lake.

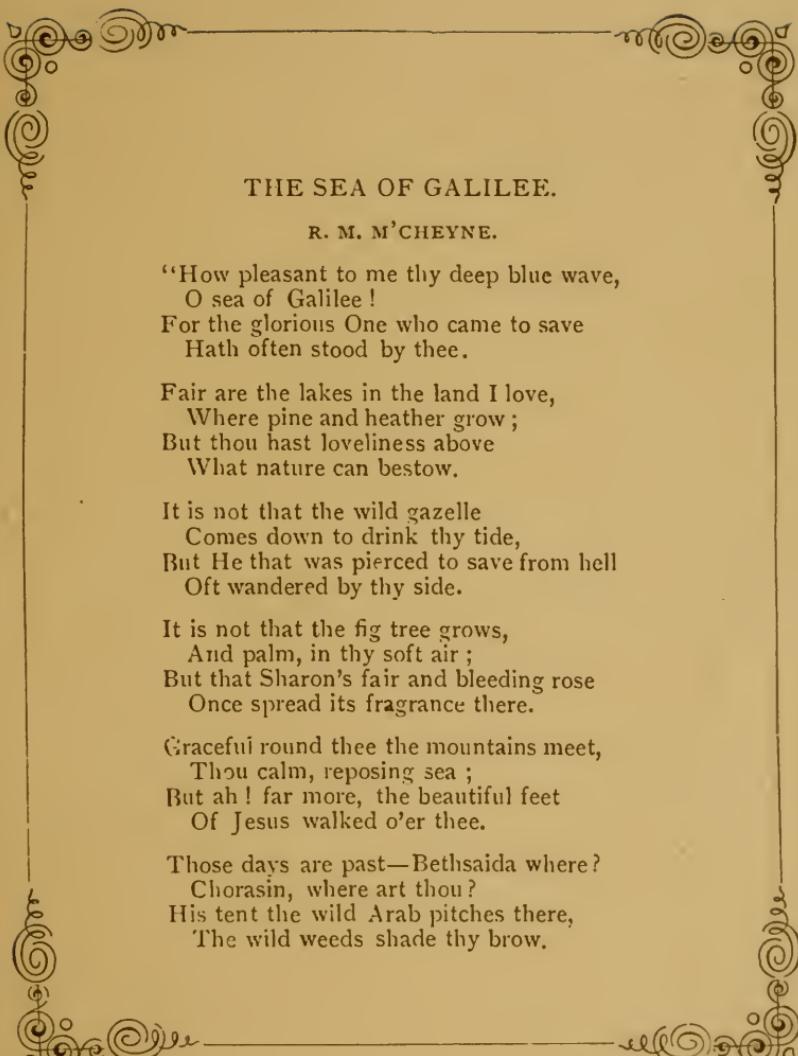
17. Gamala, the hump of the camel, an isolated promontory on the east of the lake, takes its name from its peculiar formation. Next to Jerusalem, Gamala furnishes the most remarkable fulfillment on record of those terrible predictions of our Saviour concerning the destruction of the Jews. Most interesting details of its former prowess may be found in Thompson's "Land and Book."

28. Magdala, now Mejdel, is a wretched hamlet of a dozen mud hovels on the southern margin of the lake--the home of Mary Magdalene, who had seven devils--about the average possession of its present people.

19. Isaiah 9; 1, 2; Matt. 4; 14-17.

20. The Jewish women never sat with the men to eat.

21. The Talmudists had a proverb that "God had created seven seas in the land of Canaan, but that only one--the Sea of Galilee--had He chosen for Himself."



## THE SEA OF GALILEE.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,  
O sea of Galilee !  
For the glorious One who came to save  
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,  
Where pine and heather grow ;  
But thou hast loveliness above  
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle  
Comes down to drink thy tide,  
But He that was pierced to save from hell  
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig tree grows,  
And palm, in thy soft air ;  
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose  
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful round thee the mountains meet,  
Thou calm, reposing sea ;  
But ah ! far more, the beautiful feet  
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

Those days are past—Bethsaida where ?  
Chorasin, where art thou ?  
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,  
The wild weeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,  
Was the Saviour's city here?  
Lifted to heaven, has it sank to hell,  
With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn  
How days of grace may flee;  
How all an offered Christ who spurn  
Shall mourn, at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea  
The new risen Saviour said  
Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou me?"  
"My lambs and sheep then feed."

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,  
Yet the same Saviour still,  
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand,  
And every fragrant hill.

O give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,  
Threecold Thy love divine,  
That I may feed, till I find my grace,  
Thy flock,—both Thine and mine."

"But wherfore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?  
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,  
It would gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

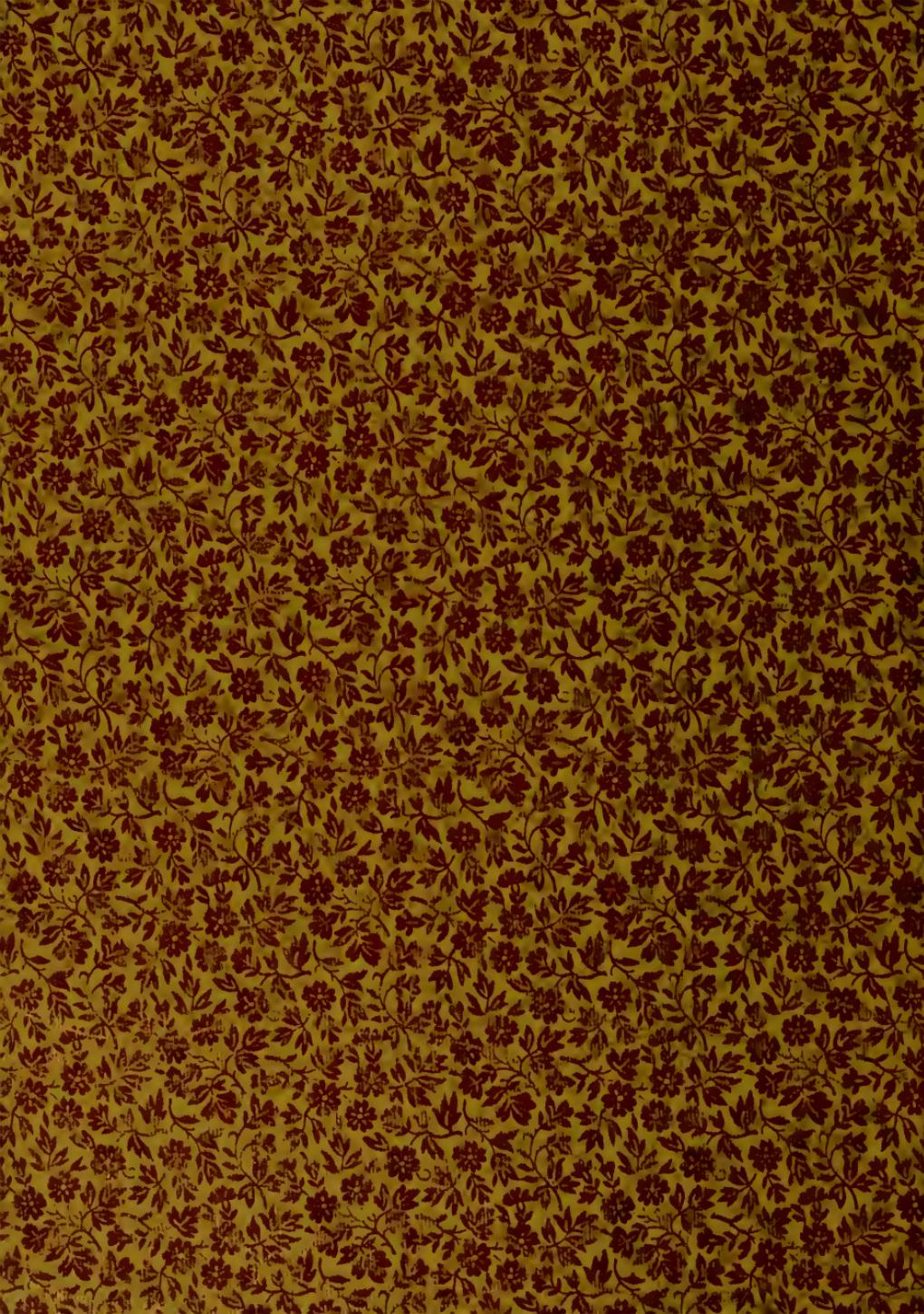
Oh, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power  
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!"

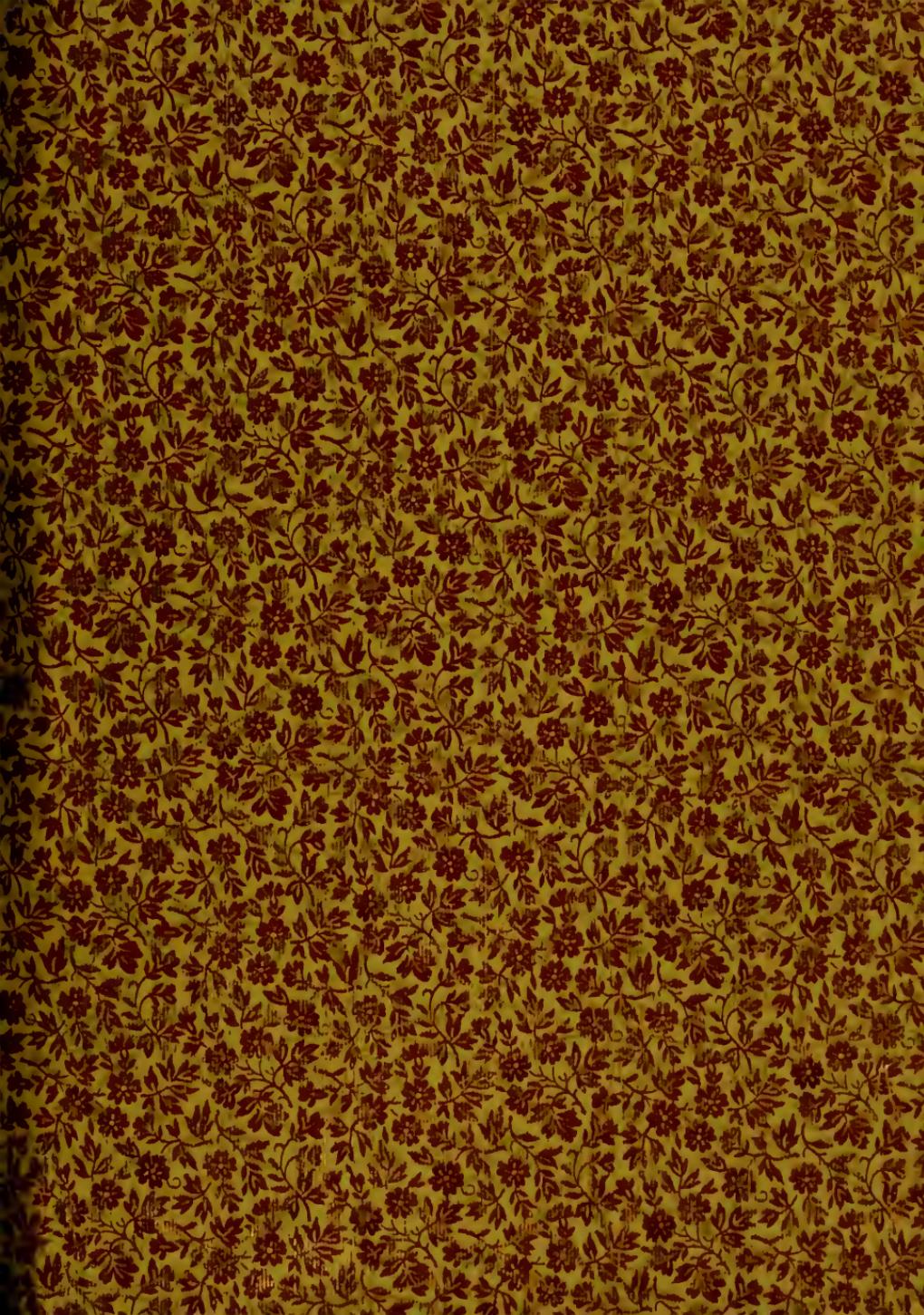
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